



T H E

Ballad Singer.

A NEW SONG.

GENTLE people as ye throng,
 List'ning to a beggar's song,
 Think ye mirth inspires the strain?
 Think ye joy and pleasure reign?
 Ah! no, the strains that beggars chaunt,
 Issue from the breast of want,
 Ah! the strains that beggars sing,
 Not from mirth but mis'ry spring,

When good cheer and wine abound,
 You may bid the song go round,
 Then may rise the jocund lay,
 To pass a social hour away.
 But need you gentlefolks be told
 How hard it is when wet and cold.
 And hunger round the minstrel cling,
 How very hard it is to sing.

Then O incline to gentle pity,
 Come buy, oh buy the beggar's ditty.
 Ye rich whose coaches roll along,
 And drown the beggar's humble song,
 Pittance from the window fling,
 'Twill make him happy as a king.
 'Twill make him happy as a king.

Then shall his numbers lightly flow,
 Freed from their former burthen woe,
 Then grateful themes his voice employ,
 And once a beggar sing for joy,
 And once a beggar sing for joy.

